

A NEW SONG.

FITZWILLIAM, Witzwilliam,
Your sincerest friend still I am,
In advising you'd quit this dispute ;
What Yorkshireman true,
Can bear to see you,
Leagu'd with *Fox North Burke & L. Bute*
Lord Witzwilliam.

Quiet Devonshire's Duke,
'Twou'd a man puke,
To hear your Whig Principles talk'd on,
Go home to your Dutcheis,
Get from *Charles Fox's* Clutches,
And the worst grounds that ever you walk'd
on

Good Duke.

John Ca'ndish, John Ca'ndish,
My pen from its standish,
Starts unbid, you to make its attack on ;
You may strut and look big,
And call yourself Whig,
But by Jove you're at best but a Caxon,
John Ca'ndish.

Frank Foljambe, Frank Foljambe,
One may in a small hole jam
Your consistency, wisdom, and wit ;
O thou head of the wrongheads,
Not all Bluit's strong heads,
Can make thee be, for member thought fit,
Frank Foljambe.

Will Weddell, Will Weddell,
I fear you've but sped ill
In this comical journey to York ;
Shortest follies are best,
Let me friendly request,
Send you home to much pleasanter work
Mr. Weddell.

Aristocracy, Fountayne,
Suits those who love mounting,
And wou'd gobble each Loaf and each
Fish up ;
And too often 'tis seen,
That a Renegade Dean,
Like bad Port, makes a passable Bishop,
Dean Fountayne.

Mr. Zouch, Mr Zouch,
You long lean black sluch,
First to North you look up as Protector,
Then were Rockingham's creature,
Then an Associator,
Now by my Lord's Grace a fat Rector ;
Lean Zouch.

Not the fire, O Pem. Milnes,
Of twenty brick kilns,
Can Consistency give to thy clay ;
First to sign requisition,
Then let curst coalition,
Makes a Milnes his engagement betray,
O Pem. Milnes !

Tom Gascoigne, Tom Gascoigne,
Much wit in an ass-skin,
A Protestant's faith would wear out ;
But your late recantation,
Of Transubstantiation,
With your speech—clears up every doubt,
Thomas Gascoigne.

Jerry Dring, Jerry Dring,
Thou short merry round thing,
This confusion you'll gain your chief ends
on ;
To Lords pay your court,
Claret's better than Port,
And mutton's inferior to ven'son,
Jerry Dring.

Bacon Frank, Bacon Frank,
'Twas a downright whore's prank,
For a Tory that din'd with his Grace,
To send cunningly down,
To Knarsbrough Town,
Pick his pocket, and smile in his face,
Bacon Frank.

Lord Surrey, Lord Surrey,
I'd lost you in a hurry,
As from borough to borough you're whirling ;
Till I fear that your pence,
Pounds, shillings, and pence,
May prove Sheffield plate and not sterling,
Lord Surrey.

O Register Perry !
Thou'll cringe, or be merry,
For to tuit Lords of this vile connection ;
You've try'd Duncombe to harm,
Whose not for the turf warm,
But stands up for the County's Protection,
Perry Wentworth.

King and people united,
Pitt trusted, pride slighted,
With her Drummond's Cookes, Farrers,
and Hewitts ;
Our Duncombe and Wilberforce.
That Monster shall kill per force,
Aristocracy kennell'd at Bluit's,
Fitzwilliam.